

THE
MASQUERADE:
OR, AN
Evening's Intrigue.
A COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the NEW-THEATRE
in Little Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

*Figuras, Fortunasq; hominum in alias Imagines,
conversas, & in se rursùm mutuo nixu re-
fertur, ut mireris, hic exordior. Apuleius.*

L O N D O N :

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Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Mr. Reveller,	An humorous old Gentleman of the Town, Uncle to <i>Callow</i> ;	Mr. Spillar.
Mr. Gaymein,	A young Gentleman of Estate, in Love with <i>Harriet</i> ;	Mr. Ogden.
Mr. Ogle,	An old ridiculous Lover of <i>Harriet</i> , that pretends to be short sighted, and makes use of a Perspective upon all Occasions,	Mr. Griffin.
Mr. Callow,	A young Country 'Squire, in Love with <i>Harriet</i> ;	Mr. C. Bullock.

Servants, Masquers, &c.

W O M E N.

Lady <i>Graveayres</i> ,	Aunt to <i>Harriet</i> ,	Mrs. Finch.
Lady <i>Harriet</i> ,	In Love with <i>Gaymein</i> ,	Mrs. Roberson.
<i>Flippant</i> ,	Her Woman,	Mrs. Rubridge.

SCENE, *London.*



T H E
M A S Q U E R A D E :
O R , A N
Evening's Intrigue.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Reveller and Callow.

R E V E L L E R .

 I R R A H , dispute no more ; I am positive
and will have it so.

Call. What will you have, Sir ?

Rev. I'll have you conform to my Will, appear Alamode ; an embroider'd Suit, a smart Cock, an agreeable Air, with a *Je n' sçay quoy* of Negligence in your Behaviour, will gain a thousand Times more upon the Affections of the *Belles*, than your passionate Nonsense of *Constancy* and *Sincerity*. Besides, with those Accomplishments you pass upon the *Beau Monde* for a Wit, and a Person of the brightest Parts.

Call. As for my *Parts*, Sir, those, I hope, will never be the Occasion of a Dispute ; but for a Wit indeed, Uncle, I had rather be thought otherwise.

The Masquerade :

Rev. Why so? Pr'ythee why so?

Call. Because your *Wits*, now a Days, are the most ridiculous Part of Mankind; censorious, scurrilous, and ill-manner'd to the last Degree: Bright in nothing but their scoffing at *Religion* and *Government*, or defending *Atheism* and *abusing the Clergy*.

Rev. Faith my Boy has Sense. (*Aside.*) But, Sirrah, those are only your *little Wits*, and mongrel Criticks; Fellows that are hir'd by Booksellers to Work for their Shops in nonsensical Amusements, Poems, Satyrs, Projects, Translations, Remarks upon one another, Lampoons on private Persons, and Reflections on the Publick; Essays that signify just *nothing*, and now and then damn'd Plays that are *worse than nothing*: But you, Nephew, are free from that Infection, have a plentiful Estate in Possession, and, if you'll follow my Directions, while I live, shall be Heir to mine when I dye.

Call. Really, Sir, I had rather continue as I am, marry Lady Harriet, and go down into the Country, than lead a *City Life* in *Dressing and Debauchery*, spending my Fortune in one, and ruining my Constitution in the other; till at last I shall be forc'd to retire, groan out the rest of my Life in Pain and Anxiety, with aching Bones and a mortgag'd Estate.

Rev. Why, you cowardly young Dog! you are a Bastard, Sirrah; there's not one Drop of the noble Blood of the old *Revellers* in you. Do I groan? Is my Estate mortgag'd?

Call. No; really, Sir, I suppose you did not——

Rev. Did not! you lye, I did. I wrote, and rally'd, and rhim'd, and sung, and danc'd, and drank, and whor'd and fought, and swore, and took Snuff; said fine Things, and did wicked ones; kill'd Bayliffs, kick'd Fiddlers down Stairs, beat Watchmen, scor'd at Taverns, bilk'd Lodgings and Hackney Coachmen, ran in Debt with Shopkeepers, and lay with their Wives; and, hum——Zouns, is my Constitution decay'd, or my Fortune embezzled, you callow young Son of a Whore?

Call. Really, Sir——

Rev. Damn your Realies, and your Verilies; what a canting Coxcomb do you make of your self?

Call.

Or, an Evening's Intrigue.

Call. Indeed I cannot do those Things; I cannot live so wickedly.

Rev. Wickedly! Adslife, don't your *Betters* live so Sirrah? From your eldest Sons of Quality, to your Merchants Apprentices, is there one that lives otherwise? Oons and Heart, I won't enjoin it you above a Year or two at most; by that Time Lady *Graveny* will be dead, perhaps, and *Harriet* possess'd of her Fortune: But do'st thou think she'll ever marry a Clod, Clown, that knows no more of the World than what was taught him at *Winchester* School? Art thou so ignorant as to imagine, that that sneaking Phiz and crop Hair of thine will ever introduce thee to any Thing above the Degree of an Exchange Wench, or a Coffee House Bar-keeper; the commonest Creatures in Town?

Call. I would not have the World say——

Rev. Hold your Peace, and conform, or---Blood! I'll disinheret you. It shall never be said when old *Bar Reveller* is laid in his Grave, that he left his Estate to a Pidgeon-hearted Rogue that wanted Courage to enjoy it. I am out of all Patience!——*Wat*——do, *Wat*,——buss your Uncle, and be a good Boy: Game, whore, rake, get Bastards and Claps, and be damn'd extravagant for one Year, at least. I vow to Gad I could weep to see how ungracious the young Rogue is!

Call. Rather than you shall be disobligh'd, Sir, I'll endeavour to——

Rev. Wilt thou? I am glad of it. Buss me again, Sirrah—— Here, here are twenty Guineas, which you shall *Genteely* spend by to Morrow Morning, or have your Head broke. And, as an Introduction, you shall go with me to the *Masquerade*; there you'll have an Opportunity to imitate your self in Gallantry; but be sure, when you go thence, to sling away the rest of your Money in a grand Debauch, with an Air of Quality; lie all Night at the *Bagnio*, that's very genteel; have a handsome Supper; treat the old Whores with Brandy, and the young ones with Sack; pay a Guinea for your Bed, make Madam a Present for her Civility; and then if you bring six Pence away more than pays for your Coach, I'll forgive you the broken Head.

Call. Lard! I can never do it.

Rev.

The Masquerade :

Rev. But by the Lord *Harry*, I'll make you.

Call. I never was at a Masquerade; I don't know what is.

Rev. I'll warrant you young *Gaymein* does; he who courts Lady *Graveayres* for her Estate; or that antiquated Beau *Ogle*, your Rival with Lady *Harriet*, he knows what a Masquerade is.

Call. I had rather be ignorant.

Rev. Flesh and Fire, what are you afraid of?——
Sheart, here comes the Devil we mention'd! Don't be unlucky now, you had better not; if you are——

Enter Ogle.

Og. Ha, (*looking thro' a Glass*,) Mr. *Bartholomew Reveller*, I am your most obedient.

Rev. Mr. *Ogle*, I am yours. We were just now talking of you. My Nephew here knows not what a Masquerade is; pray describe it to him.

Og. *Ma Vie* (*looking again at Callow*,) is this the young Gentleman that rivals me in the Favour of Lady *Harriet*?

Rev. Ay, by *Jupiter*, is it, and one that shall carry the Prize, old Boy.

Call. That, Sir, we must refer to the Lady's Determination.

Og. So we must indeed, young 'Squire; (*looking again*) but, in the mean Time, let's be friendly Rivals, and carry on our Designs honourably.

Call. With all my Heart.

Rev. Agreed, agreed. But what will you drink, Mr. *Ogle*?

Og. Tea, Mr. *Reveller*; nothing but Tea.

Enter Servant.

Rev. I hate it, damn'd Slip-slop. *Robin*, take this Key, and fetch my Bottle of Brandy; and till it comes, Mr. *Ogle*, give my Nephew the Description of a Masquerade.

Og.

Og. 'Tis a Diversion that pleases not me, tho' the Design is the most convenient in the World for Pleasure. The Company consists of all Degrees and Qualities; each Sex is blended together, and equally free in their Deportment. *He or she* that has the greatest Extravagance in the Invention of their Dress, is esteem'd to have the most polite Fancy, and bear the Admiration from all the rest. I have seen a *Nobleman* appear like a *Cydney* *Wench*, a *Colonel of Dragoons* like a *Country Rat-catcher*, a *Lady of Quality* in *Dutch Trowsers*, and a *Woman* of the *Town* in a *Ruff* and *Parthingal*. All are on some different Design; the great Ones to indulge themselves in the Follies of Life, without exposing their Characters or Persons, the Inferior Sort out of Emulation; Fools to be laugh'd at, Fortune-Hunters to find an Heiress, Coquets to practice Ayrs, Prudes to be ill-natur'd, Ladies of Pleasure to get an Opportunity to Sin, and young Coxcombs to be wicked in Conjunction with them: In short the Conversation is Gay, the Discourse amorous, the Address gentile; and, among those whose Humour it Suits, every Thing terminates in Mirth and Pleasure.

Rev. A very just Description indeed, Mr. Ogle.

Call. I wonder'd indeed to meet the other Day a Chimney-Sweeper in a gilded Chariot; I thought this Town produc'd strange kind of Quality, if he were one.

Og. O Sir, 'twas only a Gentleman design'd for the Masquerade, —— Lord, what a rough hewn Clod it is!

(*Aside, Looking at him*)

Call. So I perceive.

Og. Ay, thou art indeed.

(*Aside*)

Enter Servant.

Rev. Come, Robin, the Brandy.

Og. I vow, Mr. Reveller. I dare not drink; I am to visit a Person of the first Quality this Evening, and it makes one's Breath stink horribly.

Rev. What, not one Glass to Lady Harriet's Health?

Og. I must, for once, or you'll Report me ill-natur'd.

Rev.

The Masquerade.

Rev. Well said. Your Tea is a Slip-slop; a damn'd
god-for-nothing Liquor. Here's to Lady Harriet's
Health. (Drinks.)

Og. Oh dear Sir, a little. To Lady Harriet's Health.
(Drinks.)

Enter Servant

Ser. Sir, here's Mr. Gaymein, with Lady Graveayrs and
Mrs. Harriet

Rev. Oons Wat, go and wait on 'em in.

Call. Yes, Sir. (Exit. and introduces 'em.)

Gay. Mr. Reveller, your Servant.

Rev. Mr. Gaymein, yours; my good Lady Graveayres
am your most devoted; Lady Harriet, my Nephew shall
receive you with a welcome suitable to the Passion he
has for you.

Call. Really, Madam, you are extremely welcome.

Og. I hope your Ladyship has not excluded your hum-
ble Servant from putting in his Claim to a share of the
favour you bestow.

Har. I protest, Mr. Ogle, you were so distant from my
Thoughts, I did not observe you.

Og. Madam, you were the nearest Object to mine.
Mr. Reveller and I were just now a drinking your
Health.

Har. I am much oblig'd to you.

Gay. I hope, Sir, our Visit is not so unseasonable as
to interrupt Business.

Rev. O Lord, Sir, not in the least. What do you
take me to be? By my Ancestors dead, and my Posterity
to come, from the Sixteenth Year to the Sixty Third of
old Bat. Reveller, there has not been one Hour when a
Lady's Visit was unseasonable: And as for Mr. Ogle, his
good Manners will excuse any Interruption from Per-
sons he so much regards.

Gra. I did not expect to have met you here, Mr. Ogle;
and give me leave to tell you, you must quit all Preten-
sions to my Niece; for I am positively resolv'd to put
her into the Possession of a young Gentleman who bet-
ter deserv'd her.

Og.

Og. Madam, I hope to deserve her my self. I am sure, if a Passion grounded upon Sincerity and Truth has any Force.

Gra. Pray, Sir, defer the Subject at least.

Rev. Look'ee there now; see how successful his *Sincerity* and *Truth* is. Did not I tell you this before?

(Aside to Callow.)

Gra. Here is a Secret of no small Consequence to be discover'd; and since to Morrow Morning must divulge it to the World, I am very indifferent if Mr. Ogle hears it to Night. Pray Mr. *Gaymeir* acquaint these Gentlemen with the Design of our Visit at this Time.

Gay. You are to know, Mr. *Reveller*, that this good Lady has at last, by my Importunity, sacrificed her Interest to her Love, and possess'd Lady *Harriet* of three Parts in four of her Estate, and me of her Person.

Rev. Pray, Sir, explain your self.

Gay. Your contracting a Friendship with her late Husband Sir *Charles*, and the Services you have done her since his Death, have so far engag'd her Confidence, that she design'd to deposit in your Hands the Deeds of Conveyance and Surrender to her Niece, provided you'll engage to Jointure her in part of your Estate, if she marries your Nephew.

Og. I am struck dumb with Amazement! *(Aside.)*

Rev. Will I! Ay, by the Lord *Harry*, and in Part of my self too, if she pleases.

Call. I hope, Madam, you'll pardon my Uncle; 'tis the Extravagance of his Humour that makes him so unpolite.

Rev. Why, how now, Saucebox, unpolite! Lady *Harriet*, he's my Nephew, but he's a bad Dog; I'd make you a better Husband. Regard not what he says; he's a sneaking young Puppy, that dares not get Drunk, thinks Fornication a Sin, and never Sleeps till he has said his Prayers.

Gra. His Modesty is to be commended, Sir.

Rev. Modesty commended! Oons why so, Madam, when its out of Fashion? Why, we have scarce so much of the Name of it left. Indeed there's here and there a Country Girl pretends to something like it, but then

He's a damn'd Fool, to be sure, and is laugh'd at by every Body but the Vicar of the Parish.

Gay. Your Temper is always gay, Mr. Reveller.

Rev. Pray, Sir, why should it not? I can Visit a Mistress thrée times a Week, drink my half dozen of *Burgundy* with the best Companion in Town; and, when in the Country, Zouns I can chase a Fox all Day, empty a Punch Bowl in the Evening, as big as the *Caspian Sea*, then whip to Bed to a fresh colour'd Girl of Fifteen, and lye close to her till next Morning.

Og. What an old Beast it is!

(Aside.

Rev. Pray Ladies observe how mortified old Touchwood stands there.

Og. Upon my Word, Sir, not so much as you suspect; your Mortification will be greater, when you find what Mr. Gaymeir said was only to banter you.

Gra. To put you out of all Suspence, Mr. Ogle, you shall be a Witness, that I deliver these Writings, as my *Will and Deed*, into the Custody of Mr. Reveller, for the Use of my Niece, and to Morrow Morning will endeavour to make this Gentleman happy in a Bride.

Rev. Now are you satisfied Mr. Gaymeir was in earnest.

Og. Sir, I am very unwilling to be guilty of Ill-manners, therefore take my Leave. I hope my Resentment will never so far transport me beyond my self as to disoblige Lady Harriet. And whatever Reason I have to be angry with others, I must continue her most devoted humble Servant.

(Exit.

Rev. Well, I protest, Lady Graveayres, your Generosity is unparallel'd, and, Madam, if you and my Nephew can agree, your Jointure shall be sign'd and delivered to Night, that we may have a double Wedding to Morrow; and thus I seal my Promise.

(Salutes her.

Har. Sir, I think it an Affair that requires a little further Consideration; not but I am extremely sensible of Mr. Callow's Merit.

Rev. Well, my dear pretty Heart, use thy Discretion, and *Wat* shall never be ungrateful to thee for these kind Sentiments of him. Salute her, Sirrah. — Robin, some Brandy.

Call.

Th
tre

Or, an Evening's Intrigue.

II

Call. Sure, Sir, you would not treat the Ladies with Brandy.

Rev. Why not?

Gra. We must desire to be excus'd, Mr. Reveller.

Rev. What, not one Glass to Morrow Morning? To your Marriage with a young *Hercules* of Twenty three! That will——Ah Madam!——Why, if he were old as I am, he would deserve one Glass.

Gra. Indeed, Mr. Reveller, I dare not.

Rev. I suppose, Madam, you are afraid of Scandal, but you need not; for 'tis now no Secret that most of our Ladies of Quality keep Brandy in their Closets for their own private Taste.

Gra. The Satyrical Part of the World report it so, but I am apt to believe otherwise.

Call. Ladies, will you please to have Tea?

Har. Not now, Mr. *Callow*, because we have our Dresses to prepare for the Masquerade to Night, and it begins to be late.

Call. So substantial a Reason must prevail.

Rev. Madam, my Nephew and I are design'd to share a Part of the Diversion there to Night; he has promised to be very Gay and Engaging.

Gra. It is indeed a very agreeable Diversion. But we lose Time, Mr. Reveller, I must take my Leave.

Rev. I am concern'd your Ladyship can't Honour me with more of your Company, but I hope the next Visit shall make amends.

Gay. Sir, we shall do ourselves the Honour.

Call. Madam, I beg the Favour to wait on you to your Coach.

Har. Your humble Servant.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE the Street.

Enter Ogle, meets Flippant.

Fl. Mr. Ogle, your Servant (*Courtesying at a distance.*)

Og. Ha, (*Looking thro' his Glass*) as I live Mrs. Flippant! The only Woman in the World I wanted: I am extremely beholden to Fortune for this happy Encounter.

The Masquerade:

Fl. I protest, Sir, I am at a Loss to return these extraordinary Civilities.

Og. O, dear Madam, you have been very willing to serve me upon all Occasions; and, I must confess, my future Satisfaction depends on your Conduct.

Fl. In what, pray, Sir?

Og. Why, my Love to your Lady *Harriet*, you know, Mrs. *Flippant*——

Fl. Ah, dear Sir, I wish it were in my Power to answer your Expectations as I would; I am ashamed to have been so much beholden to your Generosity, when my Endeavours to serve you have prov'd so ineffectual.

Og. I need not inform you, I suppose, how far Lady *Graveayres* has proceeded to my Prejudice in her Partiality to young *Callow*?

Fl. Ay, Sir, I know of the Writings she has deposited in his Uncle's Hands, and the Promise she has made of Lady *Harriet* for his Bride.

Og. That's the unfortunate Affair in which I want your Assistance. Can these prevail in my behalf? [*gives*

Fl. Really Sir, I have already tasted so largely—[*Money*

Og. Oh pho, a Trifle, name it not, you shall Command my *all*, do but assist me in this Extremity. Is it impossible to disappoint my Rival?

Fl. [*aside*] Let me consider, have I no way to deceive this Candle snuff? I know Lady *Harriet* hates him, and I know likewise that she designs to disappoint her Aunt of *Gaymein*: 'Twere not fit one of so much Generosity as Lady *Graveayres* should be entirely balk'd; I'll e'en help her to Mr. *Ogle*; he is much more suitable to her Years, and their Loves may last an equal length of Time, and both expire together: 'Twill be but a just piece of Revenge on 'em both, for seeking to possess what they have neither of 'em Merit to expect, nor Youth enough to enjoy as they ought. It shall be so, be the Event as 'twill.

Og. Well, hast thou thought of any way to assist me?

Fl. I have been reflecting with my self, and could make a Discovery of vast Consequence to you; but you must be very secret.

Og. My Life depends upon it.

Fl. You know Mr. Gaymein has a long time pretended a Passion for Lady Gravenayres.

Og. I know it.

Fl. Now upon her making over the Estate to my young Lady, he has thrown off the Mask, professes his Passion for Lady Harriet, she favours it; both laugh at you and Callow, and this Evening intends to be married.

Og. I scarce can credit it.

Fl. Sir, you may depend upon my Sincerity, I have no Design to abuse you, but, on the contrary, would serve you with my Life. The Plot is thus concerted: At the Masquerade, to Night, they meet, from thence to Whitehall Chappel, where Mr. Tattercrape, the Reader, is to marry them, by Appointment.

Og. Oh that 'twere possible to circumvent 'em.

Fl. 'Twere possible if you would be advis'd.

Og. As how, dear Flippant, as how?

Fl. Why thus, Sir—The Custom of the Place allows your altering your Voice, that can't discover you, and Mr. Gaymein's Dress will be an old Suit and Cloak, fashionable in the Days of Queen Elizabeth, with a Beaver, Feather and Ruff, and all other Ornaments agreeable: My Lady designs to be there in a rural Habit, a straw Hat, a white Wastecoat, and a red Petticoat. I can easily persuade her to be one of the first; You shall go in the Disguise I have describ'd, and carry her away before Mr. Gaymein comes.

Og. I am transported with the Thought, and will immediately to the Playhouse for a Dress; there's no room to doubt Success; and depend upon it, a hundred Pieces shall kiss your Hands to morrow Morning, in part of a Reward. But I had forgot; those Writings of Lady Harriet's are in Mr. Reveller's Possession. How shall we recover 'em.

Fl. I'll go, and, in Conjunction with my Lady, lay some Plot to procure 'em. The young Squire's Weakness must be imposed upon, by some little return my Lady shall make him. But there's another Token; you are to provide a plain Ring, which you must put upon the third Finger of her right Hand; and that's the Sign of going away together.

Og.

Og. That's a Trifle. Well, thou art the *Machiavel* of thy Sex, and deserv'st the *Indies* for a Reward; but I won't be ungrateful; and, for the present, take my Leave, to be ready at the Time and Place; so, dear Madam, your humble Servant. (Exit.)

Fl. And let me alone for the rest, old Gentleman. (Exit.)

Lady Graveayre's House.

Enter Gaymeim and Harriet.

Gay. Be assur'd, my dear *Harriet*, that with the greatest Constraint in the World I have been obliged to obey your Commands in my Addresses to the *Lady Graveayres*; a Thing as contrary to my Inclinations as Honour.

Har. When she finds the Deceit her Resentment will transport her to the last Degree of Malice and Revenge: The Writings you know are in the Hands of one, who, for his Disappointment, will join with her in any Thing to our Prejudice; and *Matrimony*, without an agreeable Fortune to support it, is one of the most unhappy Circumstances a young Pair can be involv'd in.

Gay. Madam, these Fears are unnecessary; my Estate, tho' but small, will keep us above the Contempt of Poverty: Yet an Addition of Fortune, I must confess, would not be disagreeable; and I can't be persuaded but some Stratagem may be put in Practice, to get those Writings out of Mr. *Reveller's* Hands.

Har. I much fear the contrary. Oh! here comes *Flippant*.

Enter Flippant.

Gay. Well, *Flippant*, have you engag'd the Parson to be ready at the Time and Place?

Fl. Yes, Sir, he has promis'd; and, I believe, for a less Reward than you propos'd, would have undertaken to marry the Pope's Niece to the *Turkish* Mufti. But, Madam, I have enter'd upon an Affair which more particularly concerns you, tho' without your Knowledge yet

yet I have not proceeded so far but I can make a Retreat, if you dislike my Proceedings.

Har. Pray explain your self. What is this Affair?

Fl. A Plot to procure your Writings of *Mr. Callow*, and marry Lady *Graveayres* to *Mr. Ogle*.

Gay. That's what we both desire, and will join in with all our Hearts.

Fl. If you, Madam, will please to write as I shall direct, I'll carry it to *Mr. Callow*, and, I'll warrant, get the Writings.

Har. I'll write any Thing you shall propose.

Fl. There's Pen, Ink and Paper in your Chamber; and while you write I'll acquaint *Mr. Gaymeir* with the whole Design, and in what I shall want his Assistance.

Gay. But we must be very speedy, the Time being short.

Fl. As speedy as you please. (Exit.)

Reveller's House.

Enter Reveller dress'd for the Masquerade, and Callow.

Call. Indeed, Sir, I cannot like your Dress.

Rev. I know it; you like nothing but what favours of Rusticity: You have no Taste, no Notion of Polite Dress. In me you see the Pride and Magnificence of a Persian Monarch, the Gayety and Debonaire of the French, with the honest Plainness and Humility of an old Briton. In short, here's a Taste of every Thing that's Great and Noble, without an affected Extravagance, or a too supine Carelessness.——*Robin*, bring a Glass.

Enter Servant with a Glass, Reveller sets it in the front of the Stage, and while Callow speaks, practises Airs, not regarding him.

Call. One would think there were no Necessity for these studied Devices of Pageantry and Disguise, there is so much to be met with in every Occurrence of Life.

Rev. Fa, la, la, ra,

Call,

Call. People now a Days take Pains in nothing so much as to compleat their Desires of *appearing* what they are not. *Int'rest* you'll find the *ruling Principle*, and *Virtue* but a *Disguise*; nay indeed——

Rev. Fa, la, la, ra.

(*practising a Minuet.*

Call. I protest I am asham'd of this Folly.

Rev. How now, Saucebox, d'you call me Fool to my Face? Leave your Nonsense, and endeavour to make your self agreeable, or——fa, la, la.

Call. Really, Sir, in my Opinion——

Rev. Zouns, none of your Philosophical Lectures to me, I won't bear 'em. *Robin*, I am engag'd, therefore let no body have admittance. Fa, la, la. (*Dances.*

Call. With your Leave, I had rather be excus'd from this Masquerade.

Rev. Thou art a Scholastick Pedant; and nothing will down with thee but *Collegiate Formality*; you must have every Thing squar'd by Rules from your *Glassicks*. A Pox o' that old Fool your Father, that must needs give you *Learning* to make you a *Blockhead*. Your Precepts of Morality, and your Natural Philosophy, will never recommend you to the Sparks of this Age. A *Scholar* is not admitted into *Conversation*, unless sometimes at a Tavern, where they make him the Fool of the Company, and are merry at his *Expence*. I wish your Logical, Ethic and Metaphysical Works had all been burnt with their Authors, like a Company of old, musty, cynical Coxcombs as they are.

Call. Oh fie, Sir, they were wise Men.

Rev. You lye, they only rail'd at what they had no Taste of, or Power to enjoy: But go on, in Time you may arrive to say *Grace* at the *Table* of some overgrown *Atheist*, screw your Face into a formal Mould, and study *casuistical Divinity*, to justify the *Sins* of your *Patron* by the *Canon Law*, and be the Jest of the Family. You may sometimes have their publick Encouragement, but never once their private Approbation: The very Chamber Maids will laugh at you in their Turn; Women love a Fellow of Spirit and Life, and Vigour: A dozen Intrigues, two or three Bastards put out in the City, and the nice Management of a Box and Dice, will prevail

more

more in your Behalf than your nonsensical musty Formalities.

Call. It may be so.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, here's Lady *Harriet's* Woman with a Letter for Mr. *Callow*.

Rev. Desire her to walk up. Good Boy now, don't perplex me any longer, but be confounded impudent, as I'd have you. Oh, here she comes. Now let's see with what Gallantry you'll receive a Message from your Mistress.

Enter Flippant.

Fl. Your Servant, Sir; Mr. *Callow* yours. This Letter my Lady strictly charg'd me to deliver into your Hand, and no other.

Rev. How does her Ladyship, and my good Lady *Graveayres*? Are they not yet dress'd for the Masquerade?

Fl. They are about it, Sir, and design to be there very early.

Call. Here is a Favour, Sir, I could never have expected. Pray read the Letter.

Rev. (reads.)

S I R,

I F you'll meet me to Night at the Masquerade, with my Writings, and provide some Security for the propos'd Jointure, I shall be content to put my self into your Possession: Admire not at this sudden Change: *Flippant* will inform you of a Discovery we have made; the Design of which, for both our Satisfaction, must be prevented to Night. I have provided all Things for the Purpose, and only wait your Answer.

HARRIET.

Odd! *Wat*, this is a Favour indeed. Well, thou shalt go, and carry with thee the Writings and my Jointure;

C

and

and I'll be with thee my self, put her into thy Possession, then put thee to Bed, put away the Company, put out the Candles. and then ——— What then, Sirrah ?

Call. Leave us together, Sir.

Rev. So I will ; but a thousand to one I shall wish my self in your Place.

Call. But pray, Mrs. *Flippant*, how am I to discover your Lady from the rest of the Company ?

Fl. She is to be dress'd in a riding Habit, a kind of Hermaphroditical Mixture ; half Man, half Woman ; a Coat, Wig, Hat and Feather, with all other Ornaments requisite.

Call. Very well ; they are so particular, I can't mistake.

Rev. But here she names a Discovery, of which you are to acquaint us.

Fl. Since Lady *Graveayres's* Settlement on her Niece, *Gaymein* has discover'd, as he pretends, a Passion for the young Lady ; that his Address to her Aunt was but a Feint to procure her Fortune, and that he hopes, in Return, she'll consent to marry him. This as in Duty bound, my Lady has acquainted Lady *Graveayres* with, who vows to be severely reveng'd on him.

Call. Bless me, how wicked are the young Men of this Age ?

Fl. My young Lady, being most inclin'd to Mr. *Callow*, has prevail'd upon her self to send him this Letter : And to revenge so base a Perfidy on *Gaymein*, has appointed him a Meeting at the Masquerade. I am to be dress'd in the Habit she has describ'd to him as her own, pass upon him for her, and marry him, if possible to deceive him so far.

Rev. I am extremely pleas'd with the Contrivance.

Fl. Gentlemen, my Lady depends entirely upon your Honour, and Secresy.

Rev. I hope we shall not fail of answering her Expectation.

Fl. I'll take my Leave, for the Time grows short.

(Going)

Rev. Wat. make Mrs. *Flippant* a Present of something for a Pair of Gloyes. Madam ———

Fl. Sir,

(returning
Rev

Or, an Evening's Intrigue :

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Rev. My Nephew begs you would accept of something for——

Call. Pray, Madam, this small Present for Gloves.

(Gives her Money.)

Fl. Your most humble Servant. Mr. Reveller, yours.
(Exit.)

Rev. What was it you gave her, Sirrah?

Call. I vow, two Guineas.

Rev. Oh the Devil, but two! you should have given her ten at least.

Call. I thought it was very well, for the Carriage of one Letter.

Rev. Very well! Zouns, there's not a growling Alderman but pays an ordinary Pimp a better Price, and you to be so sneaking for the Conveyance of an honourable Message from your Bride that is to be! I am ashamed of it.

Call. Well, Sir, I shall know better whenever I have Occasion again.

Rev. Occasion! Thou never deserv'st to have Occasion. I could find in my Heart to—— Ay, I'll marry her my self, get Heirs on her Body for my whole Estate, and disinherit you of every Groat.

Call. Pray, Sir, don't be so angry for a Mistake; I'll be more careful for the future.

Rev. Look you are; and come your Ways, that we may get the Bond ready before we go.

Call. I'll follow you, Sir.

(Exeunt.)

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ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Lady Graveayres's House.

Enter Lady Graveayres dress'd for the Masquerade, and Harriet.

Gra. I Could not have suspected such a Villany.

Har. You may depend on what I've said, Madam, to be true ; he has confess'd it before *Flippant*, and, indeed, seems now to make no Secret of his Intent.

Gra. Ungrateful Villain, thus to betray my too credulous Generosity.

Har. Base indeed, Madam ; but I hope he'll meet with a Reward suitable to his Perfidy.

Gra. Dear *Harriet*, you oblige me infinitely ; and pray advise me what to do in this Exigence.

Har. Since you give me leave, Madam, I will acquaint you how far I have engag'd my self in your Interest. I sent *Flippant* to the Reader at *Whitehall Chapel*, to be ready there, at eleven, to perform his Office ; he's to acquaint *Gaymeir* with it, and to describe to him your Ladiship's Dress, by which means you may pass for me, in the Masquerade, and enjoy your Wishes ; while he shall curse his Fortune for thus rewarding his Treachery : I knew not how you would approve it, but thought it convenient to lose no time in acquainting him with the Design.

Gra. You did well ; I can't but approve of it, and should be mightily pleas'd to see my self so unexpectedly revenged on him. If tis possible to proceed in the Deceit so far, I'll marry him, and when he's mine, I'll rattle him off for his Villany, I'll warrant him.

Har. Oh, here comes *Flippant*.

Or, an Evening's Intrigue.

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Enter Flippant.

Gra. Well, what News?

Fl. Madam, Mr. Tattercrape will be ready at the Time and Place, and Mr. Gaymein is overjoy'd at the Thought of having Lady Harriet in his Possession.

Gra. Ah Traytor! But I'll reward him.

Fl. He designs to drels in an old fashion'd Suit and Cloak; and I believe is there by this to wait for your Ladyship.

Gra. I'll take care he shan't wait long. Perfidious Wretch!

Fl. But Madam, he has provided a plain Ring, which he is to put upon the third Finger of your Hand: By that Token you will be sure to know him.

Gra. I shall so; But how do you design to dispose of your self to night, Harriet?

Har. I am for the Masquerade too; and since your Ladyship has been so kind to settle my Fortune on me, I am resolv'd to comply with your Commands, and marry Mr. Callow; my Maid has acquainted him with my Design, and I believe this Night the Priest will make us one. At your Return I'll let your Ladyship know what has been done.

Gra. Order me a Chair, Flippant.

Fl. Yes, Madam.

Exit.

Gra. Well, Joy to thee, Girl; I am impatient till I meet with this Gaymein, to try the Succels of our Plot. You wish it me, I suppose?

Har. With all my Heart, Madam.

Gra. Adieu then, and may'st thou be as happy as thy Wishes can suggest.

Exit.

Har. Well, thus far we have gone successfully; and to perfect my Design, I'll in and drels for the Masquerade.

Be but propitious, Fortune, I implore,

This once, and never will I tempt thee more. Exit.

SCENE

The Masquerade :

SCENE, A large Room for the MASQUERADE.

Enter several Masquers, to 'em Reveller and Callow, at another Entrance Ogle, and after him Gaymien; Musick playing. After the Musick, Ogle, Gaymien, Reveller, and Callow, come forward.

Rev. Well, to carry on an Intrigue with an Air of Secresy, to debauch a Citizen's Wife, or steal an Heiress, what Contrivance in the World so proper as a Masquerade? We are allow'd to be satyrically rude to our Superiors, free with our Neighbours Wives, and talk lasciviously to the Sex in general, delighting their Fancies without the Expence of a Blush.

Call. Meer Froth and Vanity, I vow.

Rev. You'll be discovered by your Rival, and so lose your Mistress. *(Aside to Callow.)*

Og. Truly, I am of that Gentleman's Opinion.

Rev. I am not.

Gay. Those must be my two Rivals, and *Reveller*, that are entring into this Dispute: I'll join with 'em till the Ladies come. *(Aside.)*

Call. I can't believe but most of these People come here, because they know not what else to do with their Time.

Og. 'Tis very probable, and indeed Matter of Concern, that *Persons*, otherwise of good *Parts*, and fit to be employ'd in more honourable *Designs*, should thro' Want of Education, be at a Loss how to divert themselves.

Gay. True, Sir; for the Study of the *Liberal Sciences* now is for the most Part neglected by those for whom Fortune has already provided; and the assiduous Labour of being well vers'd in *Literature*, and other *polite Accomplishments*, is look'd upon as only fit to be undergone by the *Indigent*, and those who have their Fortunes to make. To this we owe the many reigning *Vices* of the Age, and the *Depravity* of our *Taste* in our *Diversions*.

Rev. What, I'll warrant Tragedy, Comedy, or Opera pleases you best; the vile squeaking out a Language
few

Of, the Evening's Intrigue 25
few understand; *Love and Distress* repeated in horrible
Verse, to the Sound of Harp-cord and Fiddles.

Gay. No, Sir, I am not for Opera neither; I would
not have *Pride* and *Ill-manners* encourag'd upon any
Account. And those Copper-tail'd Seignora's, upon their
little Success at their first appearing, as all People are
fond of a Novelty, have been so exalted they could not tell
how to be civil to their Equals, or good-manner'd to their
Superiors.

Og. I come into that Gentleman's Opinion as to Ope-
ra, and all your unintelligible Sing-song, Give me a
good English Comedy, that's most agreeable to our Eng-
lish Taste, or at least ought to be so.

Call. Ay, so it is, so it is.

Rev. You that are such an Advocate for Comedy, one
would think, by your Dress, had liv'd in an Age when
intriguing was most in Fashion; and nothing is so
commedious for That as our present Diversion. I am
for a Masquerade still. Besides, old Gentleman, if you
are against it, why does your Practice contradict your
Principles?

Gay. Oh, Sir, in Compliance with the general. 'Tis
grown a common Vice, so don't be severe upon the Gen-
tleman in particular. Your Lovers Vows of Constancy
and Fidelity, your Lawyers of Honesty and Sincerity,
your Courtiers of Friendship and Gratitude, your sown-
devout Friends of Religion and Piety, in what do they
all terminate, but the very Reverse? Human Nature
an eternal Round of Hypocrisy, and Integrity is like a
Animal in a heterogenous Element.

Call. I vow this Gentleman talks well; I'll treasure up
the Substance of his Discourse, and repeat it as my own.
'Tis a provident Part, which many of our Wits play
who often argue with another Mans Words, and pass
em upon those less read for their own. (Aside)

Gay. Well, Gentlemen, why don't you proceed? If't
in my Power, when you have given your Reasons on
each Side, I'll determine this Difference. You, Sir, are
for Comedy.

Og. I am Sir; and I say Masquerades are vile Amu-
sements, below the Dignity of Mankind, invented upon some
scandalous Design, which the Contriver was ashamed

own. In Comedy we are diverted with Wit and moral Instruction ; and spite of all its Opposers, good Comedy will be a lasting Monument of its own Worth.

Rev. Against good Comedy no Man of Sense will argue ; but I aver our modern Authors produce none such : *Wit* is quite lost, and *moral Instruction* expung'd ; the Gentlemen they draw for the Patterns of the Age, are always damn'd Rogues ; and yet the only Persons rewarded : Buffoonry supplies the Place of *Wit*, and Scandal and Detraction that of Satyr.

Gay. We owe those Consequences to the corrupted Taste of the Town, to which our Writers suit their Works ; for so long as it is easy to raise Applause from Party Strokes, and lascivious double Entendres, Men will never rack their Brains, to produce more lasting Diversions. But see, the Company draws together for a Dance, we'll defer this Subject to another Opportunity.

Enter L. Graveairs.

Og. Will you join with 'em ?

Gay. With all my Heart.

Og. Strike up Musick. (Here a Country Dance, during which enter Harriet and Flippant.

Og. I have been led by this Dispute to forget my Search for Lady Harriet ; yet sure this must be the Dress Flippant describ'd to me. Madam, (Goes to Lady Gray.

Og. Your humble Servant waits to assume his Happiness.

Grav. Pray, Sir, explain your self, I am a Stranger both to your Person and Expression.

Og. Will this give you the Information you desire ? (Puts the Ring on.

Grav. Mr. Gaymien !

Og. The same, Madam ; I have been impatiently expecting you.

Grav. You shad in the Diversion, I suppose.

Og. Without you, Madam, all Diversions are tasteless. Your Generosity in complying with me to deceive your antiquated, proud, affected Aunt, is a Favour that must ever make me your Adorer.

Grav. Fine Rogue ! antiquated and affected ! But I shall be even with him. (Aside. Then you could never have perswaded your self to have married her ?

Og. Mar-

Og. Marry her! Burn her, a wanton Hag.

Grav. So, so, Impudence, I must break off this Discourse, or my Passion will discover me. (*Aside*) Well, Mr. Gaymein, I am satisfied of the Sincerity of your Passion, and put my self entirely into your Possession.

Og. She mistakes me, as I cou'd wish. (*Aside*) Madam, since all things are ready, let us make use of this Opportunity, and retire unobserved.

Grav. To be happy in Love and Constancy.

Og. Ay, in Constancy, Love, Beauty, and Youth. (*Ex. am.*)

Har. They are gone off together, without the least Suspicion. Pray Heaven their Ignorance continue.

Aside to Fl.

Fl. Never fear it; Madam. But soft, yonder's Mr. Gaymein, and here comes my Lover with his Uncle.

Har. Be sure you are kind, and let him not sigh in vain. But get the Writings, whatever you do.

Fl. Let me alone; for that, Madam. (*Har. goes to Gay.*)

Gall. This is she, Sir. Rev. and Coll. come up to Fl.

Rev. Say something fine, and soft, and gay, and smooth, and kind, and dear, and squeeze her by the Hand tenderly. Now—now—now.

Call. Madam, I kiss your Hand with the lowest Submission, and am come to convince you how passionately I am yours.

Fl. Where once Inclination occasions a Compliance, its no difficult Matter to persuade one's self to believe the best. But pray, Mr. Callow, what Proof of your Sincerity have you brought?

Call. Madam, let these testify for me. (*Gives the Writings.*)

Fl. You are such a Master in the Art of Persuasion, and have gain'd such an Interest in my Heart, that I must consent to—

Call. To make me yours?

Fl. Since you will have it so. But shou'd you prove unkind!

Call. I never can to so much Goodness.

Rev. Madam, if ever he does, I am the Man will cut his Throat.

Fl. I hope he will not.

Rev. Come then, and let's to the Parson who waits to make you one.

(*Exit.*
Har.)

The Masquerade:

Har. This *Flippant* is a lucky Wench; she has got the Writings, and carried off the Squire.

Gay. *Ogle* is gone off with your Aunt too, and all we have to do is to follow them upon the same Business.

Har. Mr. *Gaymeir*, I have long reflected on your Merit, and think it but Justice to say your Constancy and Honour ought to be rewarded; and, if you think my Person and Fortune can make you happy, they are at your Command.

Gay. This, my Love, is so unmerited a Bounty, as were I to live whole Ages, I could never repay. Let's retire to the Parson, who is now waiting for us, and, with the usual Ceremonies, compleat our Wishes.

(Exeunt.)

Masquers dance, and Exeunt.

Lady Graveayres's House.

Enter Ogle and Lady Graveayres.

Og. Now, Madam, 'tis Time I own a Deceit, into which nothing but the Force of irresistible Love could carry me. *(unmasks.)*

Gra. The Devil! What have you done, Mr. *Ogle*?

Og. Married the most beautiful, most charming, and most deserving of her Sex, or—the Devil!

(Lady Graveayres unmasks.)

Gra. Unfortunate Mistake! How have I been deceiv'd?

Og. Deceiv'd! 'Tis I am the deceiv'd Person, with a Pox to the Deceiver, whoever 'tis.

Gra. I shall grow mad.

Og. I am sure I have most Reason to be so.

Gra. I am resolv'd I'll be reveng'd. Oh, here comes some of your Confederates.

Og. Mine! no, they are yours, but I shall come up with some of 'em.

Gra. I can't bear the Sight of you: Out of my House.

Enter Reveller, Callow and Flippant.

Og. Nay, if I have married you, I deserve your House; 'tis mine, I paid dear enough for it, and get you out.

Rev.

Rev. What the Devil have we to do here! Get out, and get out! Now, in the Name of *Beelzebub*, do you take us far Dogs.

Call. Lady Aunt, we come to pay our Services to you, and wish you Joy.

Gra. Thou art an ignorant Coxcomb, and incapable of such a Contrivance, or I should have suspected thee. But for this old Fool——

Og. Better Words, Madam, he's your Lord and Husband, and will make you know it too, tho' the Devil may take the Contrivers of it for me.

Rev. Ha, ha, what a Gambol's here! I am pleas'd at it, methinks: Here's the old Fool outwitted, and the Biter bit,

Call. Unmask, my Dear, however, and——

Fl. That I'll do with all my Heart; but 'tis here I am to ask Pardon for the Deceit I have been guilty of.

(Unmasks and kneels to Reveller.)

Rev. Zouns and Heart, who are you, Madam?

Fl. Your Niece, Sir, and this Gentleman's Bride.

Rev. Nephew, what have you done?

Call. I know not, but what she says is too true to make a Jest of.

Rev. O laud, O laud, I ha'n't Patience!

Og. Nay, nay, 'tis but the old Fool outwitted, and the Biter bit.

Rev. 'Tis the Devil.

Enter Gaymeine and Harriet.

Gay. What's the Matter, Mr. Reveller?

Rev. Nay, you know best.

Gra. What, this was your Contrivance, Madam, was it not enough to abuse me and cheat me of my Writings, but you must marry me to this old Coxcomb?

Og. Could you find no Way to be reveng'd on me for loving you too well, but by marrying me to your affected Aunt.

Har. Gentlemen, don't be angry at the Service we have done you: We have provided better for you than you would have done for your selves: Most Folks are partial in their own Favour, and blind to their Advan-

tage.

Rev,

age. This Gentleman has long woo'd me, and his Merit has gain'd my Affections: My Aunt would never have given her Consent to it, and I had no other Means to get my Writings, but by his pretended Addresses to her, which, at my Command, he unwillingly undertook. I thought 'twas pity a Lady who had Matrimony in her Head should be disappointed; and, considering Mr. Ogle's Years were more suitable to hers, I contriv'd this Wedding. As to you, Mr. Gallow, Flippant, tho' now a Servant, has been well educated, and is much fitter than my self for the Wife of a Country Gentleman; and Mr. Reveller, if you'll be reconcil'd, I'll engage she shall be conformable to any Thing you shall request.

Gay. Nay, and as a further Means to reconcile you, with this Lady's Leave, I'll make Mrs. Flippant a Present of 500 l. for her Service in the Management of this Affair.

Call. Well, if my Uncle is willing, I don't much care if am reconcil'd to her.

Rev. Nay, the Girl has good Blood in her Veins, Wit enough, and 'is tollerable handsome. Come, kiss me, Hussy, and we'll be Friends.

Fl. I shall take care to deserve your Favour, Sir, as well as this Gentleman's Love. My Lady and Mr. Gaymeir I must thank for their Generosity; and you, Mr. Ogle, I hope will be as good as your Word, in the hundred Pieces you promis'd in part of a Reward.

Og. I reward thee! the Devil reward thee. This is not to be born, but I'll be reveng'd on you all. (Exit.

Gra. And I, though it be to my Ruin. (Exit.

Gay. Time, I hope, and our Submission, may prevail upon her to be reconcil'd; if not, while you, my Fair, are kind, I shall despise her weak Efforts, and think I have attained my Summit of Happiness in the Fruition of thy Charms. Let Avarice place it in Wealth, and Ambition in the precarious Breath of Fame,

While our Example to the World shall prove,

'Tis fixt alone in Constasy and Love.

Plays



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